

NOW HEAR THIS

A person wearing a yellow hard hat and glasses is sitting at a desk, writing on a notepad with a yellow pencil. In front of them is a black and white electronic keyboard. To the left of the keyboard is a black binder and a glass of orange juice. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting. The overall lighting is warm and yellowish.

KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Now Hear This (Intro)"

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters
Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

Parked by the seashore, I'ma see more
Believe now, when we tour, I'ma be raw
This another project, I'ma drop three more
Got the crowd going up and down like a seesaw
Entrepreneur, I can never be poor
When you enter the cypher, dude, you better be sure
Or take a detour, I'm down by the law
Consistently working like one, two, three, four
So give me some room, I'm above your average
When I see you and your man, I'm thinking same sex marriage
You talk coke, but KRS is dope
You're like a bitch and a biter so I call you Ms. Quote
You're about to get smoked, you're fake and you're broke
Your mixtape's a joke
You wanna hang? Here's the rope
I spit the lethal, that's the issue
'Cause I will split you where I broke the piece, our love's gonna get you
People still asking, "Is KRS still dope?"
If your body's full of holes, don't the frame still float?
Watch how I eat you, you ain't a legend
You're just ordinary people
I'm the original story, you're the sequel
I'm the dirty version, you clean, man, they bleep you
I stay the classic section, nobody needs you
I write the books of knowledge, nobody reads you
You got it twisted, homie, we not equal
I'm the whole motion picture, you're the preview
I'm that boom bap, you're the dee-do dee-do dee-do
Soft as Saran Wrap, man, I see through
I'm only trying to free you, but you're too busy tryna be illegal
You don't even know what real Gs do
Why don't you just be you and build that?
With no drugs or money in your rap, now where your skills at?
North, south, east and west of it, I'm the best of it
You wanna know my name? KRS is it, One is the rest of it
You can see with emceeing I'm blessed with it

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KRS-One Lyrics

"Drugs Won"

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Flashlights, canine dogs and crooked copper's
Automatics, tear gas, rams and helicopters
Off of marijuana, on the east coast every year
While California selling that high grade everywhere
It's crazy how the east coast considers herb the enemy
While every corner in LA is a dispensary
The country been split on this issue now for a century
Why would a natural harmless herb lead to a felony?
New York need to catch up
The pace need to pick it up
You know them prosecutors got big spliff litted up
Switch the philosophy think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won
[x2]

People taking risks
Cause they know that money gon' come
The drug game is global
Paying off twenty to one
Who you telling?
Don't you think these politicians they selling?
Doctors ain't sellin', cops ain't selling
While rocking your melon?
Cop cars smelling like Cali blue dream
In New York brothers like "what do you mean?"
I mean switch the velocity
Think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum

We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Brothers on that lock down
Sisters in that lock up
Things were good in the hood
Till them D's popped up
Brothers getting shot up, cause the systems unjust
Segregated justice
It's just them and just us
Cops roam around like a gang trying to jump us
Into the plantation prisons they wanna dump us
Cause they're really prisons for the poor
It's about the money, not the drugs
That's what I'm getting handcuffed for
It ain't about the law, it ain't about the crime
Cause banks are paying fines for their crimes all the time
Huh it's a setup, switch the philosophy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

[x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Duty"

[Chorus:]

Duty is called, I'm leaving you once more
I will be back, right back when I'm off from the tour
The tour is your
Duty is called for the raw and the raw one is me
It's me you see
All of them told me "Kris you're too old bro"
When they step to the mic
None of them could hold me

Rhymes never running out, you know what KRS about
I'm all up in the game like Jordan when his tongue is out
The streets is mine these youngins busting is buggin out
You don't see no stars when the sun is out I'm coming out
Who you think the sun round here?
All that soft thug pop shit know but don't get done round here
I'm only making my uniqueness kris-style clear
So your head, I don't have to put a missile there
I do preach peace tho, I am hip hop
But when the Glock pops your brain goes into a dropbox
I keep the crowd jumping like hopscotch in the party
I'm the dopest emcee and I'm dressed like anybody
I show up, wanna fight, unshaven naughty
Battle a platinum rapper and take his Bugatti
Sell it in the hood, provide for everybody
Next week another rapper giving up a Ferrari

[Chorus]

What they call dope today is wack, I'm sorry
I'm raw, sushi style I spit the wasabi
I'm at the corner store, gas station shopping
Go "where these other rappers really be at I don't know"
But everywhere our crews at people want the boom bap
Boom bap and we ain't taking nothing from no new cats
But KRS-One I come from where your shoes at
Where your soul at, this that real street new jack
Who's that, the masta with the blasta
I don't write song for cash, I write songs that last
They call me the teacher cuz I'm from a different class
I preserve hip hop
These the the two kings, these are the greatest
These youngers claiming king and ain't even made this
When the true king touchdown you know it
No talk, no hype, just skills and we show it

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"You A Millionaire"

Let me introduce myself properly
I am the original, I'm read, it's not a lot of me
Knowledge reigns supreme, that's the vibration I'm coming with
People ask me, "What you think about rap?" Well it's some other shit, but
This style's exposing the corruption of the government
This ain't every rapper's style, KRS some other shit
For years we teach the people 'bout knowledge from the pavement
Street knowledge, a complete college, we called it edutainment
Education through entertainment, that's what we named it
But corporations of all sorts wanted mass enslavement
Program directors got the music but didn't play it
They knew about the movement but they still chose to betray it
So ask yourself, why the radio just play the same shit?
They part of the conspiracy, we gon' have to face it
All types of emcees spitting out the illest rhymes
And we only get to hear five rappers a millions times?

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

You's a millionaire with a million there and a million here
You got a million shares
Shoes, you got a million pair
You do what you do, you don't even care
Let 'em peep and stare
They not even there
You in your easy chair, the millionaire
Your fragrance fills the air
Which costs more than they'll make in a year
But you don't even care
Hit the brakes, red lights in the rear
The pastor anoints them
While poor people appoint them
Driven by envy, they don't see how the rich people exploit them

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

I can be a millionaire
A millionaire for sure
If I hoard my money and ignore the cries of the poor
If I opened up a company and asked for hood loyalty
Then when the money came in, I would not pay out the royalties
I would be a millionaire

Maybe I would love it
But what they do with a thousand dollars, I can do with a hundred
I don't cost that much to live
So I got a lot to give
Keep a surplus, positive

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Man"

(Fresh)

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x8]

Bass, treble, c'mon, look around, man
The thump, the level, all that's the sound man
When the boom bap dumps hard on the ground, man
It's a good sound, man, that's never caught pounding
Fingers on levels, eyes on the session
Pump the bass bottom, [?] that compression
Sound engineer it, you've got to have the ear and
You've got to know what you hear, never overbearing
You bring the sound blaring hot like you ain't caring
The level's in the red, but no, you ain't staring
You pushing more bottom, you make the sound crack
Like the snare going "blap" on a boom boom bap
Sound man, I hear you, better yet, I see you
Yeah man, you free to adjust the EQ
Pump up the reverb, mess with the delay
Gimme more [?] and turn up the DJ

The real hip-hop is

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x3]

From the time I come out, I do a line check
I spit a freestyle to get you in the right mind set
It ain't time yet to spit a rhyme yet
My right frequency the sound man he didn't find yet
So while he searching for it, I'll keep on working on it
We want that big sound before they close the curtain on it
So let's turn it up, so let's turn it up
Don't be afraid, turn it up, word is up
We wanna thank the sound people that's with me
When the music is low, they turn it up quickly
When the sounds are low, they brighten and lift me
When the feedback comes, they killin' it swiftly
The sound can be tricky when you see me play
No computers, just a mixer and some [?] DJs
Never no frontin', we showin' all y'all something
Sound man, just keep the music bumpin'
It ain't nothing

The real hip-hop is

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x3]

(Fresh)

I'ma keep rapping while tours they keep happening
Got a [?] of rhymes for people to keep [?]

Boom bap beats with rhymes to keep attractin' 'em
That's why the sound man gots to have rap in 'em
Cordless, hardwire, fifty-eight mics
Wring 'em out 'cause all rappers don't sound alike
I found a light, it's at the end of the rear
It's the sound engineer that really cares about what he hears
It's the bass and snares, he understands the music
He's a fan of the music, he makes plans for the music
He sets the EQ, how his hands gonna choose it
It's not a band, but he still plans for the acoustics
This is the sound man that I be looking for
These are the dudes that I request when I'm booking tours
So if you like the sound of this brown man
Give it up for the sound man
Overstand

The real hip-hop is
The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x7]

Give it up for the sound man

Give it up for the sound man

KRS-One Lyrics

"American Flag"

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

I ain't here for selling shit
Me I came for telling it
I tell it like it is
So my people stay intelligent
We ending it
Racism, slavery, we ending it
This is why we bringing down the flag of the confederate
I share the same sentiment: Slavery is bad
But slavery was established by the American flag
Follow me
The American flag it flew in every colony
To break down the confederate only ia a hypocrisy
You bringing down one flag to raise up another
When both flags enslaved my sisters and my brothers
Yea man there were others
African, French, the Portuguese
The English, the Spanish, enslavers for all of these
So why raise any flag that killed my mom and my dad
Invaded my lands with plans to take up all that they had
I'm glad, the confederate flag is banned today
But the American flag is still flown by the KKK

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (you gots to bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

KRS, the right teacha
In the street I might see ya
Under the American flag blacks had no rights either
Women had no rights either, natives had no rights either
White abolitionist had to fight against white preacher
Red, white and blue should mean red, white and black
Blue was our indigo color, coming from way back
But the system is racist, when the murderers are acquitted

So we ride in the streets, then you say we shouldn't have did it
"they destroying their city", man you don't get it
If this was my city I wouldn't be getting shot in it
Stopped in it, harassed, unemployed and always locked in it
While the guns, the pollution and drugs are always trapped in it
Turn the TV off man, don't listen to all that
You a global citizen, you got to know all the facts
You a global citizen, you got to know how to act
Ask yourself, what does the American flag mean to Iraq?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Biterz"

[Chorus:]

We know, yeah it's all in they flow
Yeah it's all in they show
They some bite, bite, bite, bite, biterz
[x4]

Everybody know KRS-One, he is a writer
Original lyrics and routines
No biting, no biter
Prime reciter
I gets the news because I'm tighter, graffiti writer
But now I'm talking about these biterz
What's a biter?
A biter's unoriginal, a biter's predictable
Skills minimal, yo these dudes are pitiful
They conserts are wack, I don't even try to go to them
They open they mouth and I hear the radio all over them
Remember in them early days when we was coming up
You had to be original, yep with dope lyric and your cut
Every day and every night you had to practice and come up
With the dopest rhymes that'll make a crowd of people say buck-buck
Everybody had they own style, ran they own lane
Everybody had a profile, ran they own game
Every DJ had his own style, broke his own name
Now it's lame, everything rap was against it became

[Chorus x4]

Listen to they lyrics and they style, you know they biterz
They listening to the radio, then they claim they write it
But it does get deeper, all the wheeling and dealing
When the society we live in, is all about stealing
And these ignorant rapper they bring creativity down
Now one is using they mind, they just scrounging around
So a biter is a unoriginal style stealer
They see you drink tequila, so they wanna drink tequila
You say mommy or poppy, they say mommy or poppy
They really have no original ideas, they just copy
And people walking around, hollow like that
If death was the new sting, they would follow the path
They not led by the inner, they led by the outer
So they led every hour by anybody with power
Be original, be authentic, be you
But every emcee test the mic with a "one, two"

[Chorus x4]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lingo"

Ling, ling ling, ling, ling, ling, ling

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

I got that lingo, the street lingo I bring yo
Acronology now the society to bring to
Too many people think so
I'm not just an O.G., I'm an Original Hustler, you like, "OH!"
Follow Life's Outcome Willingly, that's FLOW
WISDOM, When I Simply Decide on Moe, or More
I'm bringin' it to raw like a razor
FAITH, Focus And Ignore These Haters

Acronology is dope
Here is another one for FAITH, write it down, "For All It Takes, Hope"
Broaden your scope, it's Tha Teacha', you heard of me
I represent the struggle in the 'hood most certainly
But STRUGGLE's more than a word to me
Here's a Situation That Reminds Us God's Grace Lasts Eternally
LADY, Love And Develop Yourself
HLAW, Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth
Acronology is not just BRB or Be Right Back
You gotta check the words you usin'

Like RELIGIOUS
It could mean Realizing Every Life In God's Image Offers Useful Solutions
So why you cruisin' lookin' for a snack
Think DIET, "Did I Eat That?"
Put down the cake, Seek Help And Proper Exercise
Rewind that, that spells SHAPE
These definitions go beyond the intellect
Like MIND, "May I Now Direct?"
A new philosophy called acronology
I say it the word, the word inside of me, oh!
The heat is on, you can't leave it alone
This whole thing's created by G. Simone
Even KRS is a acronym
It means, "Knowledge Reigns Supreme," spin it back again

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

You can have so much fun with this
You can even take offensive words and give it a twist
Like BITCH, offensive to the ear

Now switch it, "Because I Take Charge Here!"
With acronology, you gotta win
Here's another one for BITCH, "Because I Totally Challenged Him
Or Her," you can't stop the edutainment
'Cause these types of rhymes keep you out of your enslavement
It might not hit you or overstand
I'm takin' you HOME, "Here Our Mind Expands"
So before Departin' for Earth Aimin' for the Heavens
Which spells DEATH, you need to check these life lessons
They like weapons, the foundation is under me
I open up your mind to see how others see
Like GOSSIP, Givin' Out Someone's Secret Information Publicly
Or MUSLIM, May U See Love In Me
I see the CROSS and ask my wife
She says, "it's a Constant Reminder Of Self-Sacrifice"
This is acronology, brothers and sisters
You FAMILY, For All My Intelligence, Love Ya

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling